Doct. Harke van vrd in your eare: you be vn daga
And de Iack coward Preeſt.

Sir Hugh. Harke you, let vs not be laughing ſtockes to other mens humors. By Ieſhu I will knock your vrinals about your knaues coxcomb, for miſſing your meetings and appointments.

Doct. O Ieſhu, mine Hoſt of thè Garter, *John Rugby*,
Haue not I met him at de place he make apoint,
Haue I not?

Sir Hu. So kad vdge me, this is the pointment place,
Witneſſe by my Hoſt of the Garter.

Hu. Peace I ſay *gawle* and *Gawlia*, *French* and *Welch*,
Soule-curer and body-curer.

Doct. This be very braue, excellent.

Hoſt. Peace I ſay, heare mine hoſt of the garter,
Am I wiſe? am I polliticke? am I Matchauill?
Shal I loſe my Doctor? No, he giues me the motions
And the potions. Shal I loſe my Parſon, my ſir *Hugh*?
No, he giues me the prouerbs, and the nouerbs:
Giue me thy hand tereſtiall,
So giue me thy hand celeſtiall:
So boyes of Art I haue deceiu'd you both,
I haue directed you to wrong places,
Your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole,
Bardolfe, lay their ſwords to pawne.
Follow me Lads of peace, follow me.
Ha, ra, la. Follow. *Exit Hoſt.*

Shal. Afore God a mad hoſt, còme let's goe.

Doct. I be-gar, haue you mocka may thus?
I will be euen met you my Iack Hoſt.

Sir Hugh. Giue me your hand Doctor *Cayus*,

We be all friends:
But for mine hoſts fooliſh knauery, let me alone.

Doct. I dat be vell begar, I be friends.
Exit omnes.

Enter Maſter Foord.

For. The time drawes on he ſhold come to my houſe
Well wife, you had beſt worke cloſely,
Or I am like to goe beyond your cunning:
I now will ſeeke my gueſts that come to dinner,
And in good time, ſee where they all are come.

Enter Shallow, Page, Hoſt, Slender, Doctor, and ſir Hugh.

By my faith a knot well met: y'are welcome all.

Page. I thanke you good M. *Foord.*

For. Welcome good M *Page.*
I would your daughter were here.

Page. I thanke you ſir, ſhe is very well at home.

Slen. Father *Page*, I hope I haue your conſent
For Miſtris *Anne.*

Pag. You haue ſonne *Slender*, but my wife here,
Is altogether for Maſter Doctor.

Doct. Be-gar I tanke her heartily.

Hoſt. But what ſay you to yong maſter *Fenton*?
He capers, he dances, he writes verſes, he ſmels
All Aprill and May: he will cary it, he will carit,
Tis in his betmes he will carite.

Pa. My hoſt not with my conſent:
The gentleman is wilde, he knowes too much:
If he take her, let him take her ſimply;
For my goods goes with my liking;